Poems

- Brian Edwards

A candelabra
glowing
in a shadowy place
a shooting star
up in the sky
a white dove
in a morning field
some places
of peace
quiet
and wonder
can still
be found
one need not
look far
and wide
one need
but eyes to see
what is often
passed over
by those
distracted
by the worldly
masquerade

***

- 5/10/2026

Sitting
in this
messy apartment
staring
at the walls
with a blank
expression
with nothing left
to proclaim
I carry no more
destain
I carry no more
aggression
towards anything
I released it
let it float away
all the way
out to the Sun
to be incinerated
in the endless fire

***

- 5/10/2026

The wind
of the shadows
collides with
the wind
of the bright light
in a small village
that exist only
in my own mind
what season
it is here now
may be different
from what season
it is there
two places
separated
by the physical
and the imagined
I can feel
the wind
of both places
I cannot feel
the celestial winds
full of stardust
yet I can
imagine it
so well

***

- 5/10/2026

There are
orchids growing
in fields
once made desolate
by war
now little
is heard
but for
the singing
of birds
where at one time
gunfire
and artillery
once made
such a symphony
of calamity

***

- 5/10/2026

Someday
we'll breathe
the free air again
someday
we'll go
far away
from the rumblings
of civilization
salvation
will be
the sweet escape
to the wilderness
at night
a bright
Full Moon
will remind us
of all
of our longings

***

-5/10/2026

What is it
I see
high above
the trees
they don't
want us
to know
they think
we shouldn't know
yet pay
your taxes
on time
or they'll
give you
a big damn fine

***

- 5/10/2026

Didn't go
to work today
I just didn't
have it in me
a few of the bosses
may complain
about lost profits
I shed
no tears
for lost profits

***

- 5/10/2026

The silence
of the streets
when it's early
that's where
you'll find it
sometimes
that which
you felt
was missing

***

- 5/10/2026

The big madhouse
has no walls
and no doors
let that sink in
and what is
the implication
the implication is
they haven't
been telling you
the truth
about the place
where
you really are

***

- 5/10/2026

Sonnets
and bonnets
hawks
and wolverines
make anything
of what you will
with what
you can
for they are
taking you
for every nickel
and dime
you may have
to spare
they don't care
whoever they are
they've always been
a real bunch
of shits
like that

***

- 5/10/2026

It is as
it's always been
a cycle
of wind
a feather dropped
from a bell tower
when these
last few nights
I felt
the telepathy
of the stars
knowing
a vast dreamworld
is awaiting
tonight
as its always been
things seen
with the eyes
and the imagination

***

- 5/10/2026

The stars
like diamonds
the Moon
like something else
early morning
rain
hitting the streets
the world
is out there
waiting for me
to play a part
I try
to play along
yet the same
song and dance
is getting old
to me
the stars
are like diamonds
at this
very moment

***

- 5/11/2026

This place
is full
of bitter division
as out there
in the night
the wolves howl
the jackals prowl
and the owls
on their
tree branches
are thinking about
Wittgenstein
this place
is full of
too much
senseless chatter
ramblings
of futility
diatribes
of the delusional
for myself
I prefer
to hear
the wolves howl
and perhaps
a little something
about Wittgenstein
from owls

***

- 5/11/2026

When I started
to assume
that it all
was a big
damn lie
my understanding
of things
cleared
like a bright
blue sky
in Wyoming

***

- 5/11/2026

Remember
that hour
remember
that day
when all
the geese
around here
up and flew away
and so
the songs
of their journey
continue
to this day

***

- 5/11/2026

Go and see
the eternal tree
in truth
it looks like
any other tree
though the elders
say it's not
they say
it's an eternal tree
so go on
and see

***

- 5/11/2026

You make
the money
they take
the money
such is
the world
and its
endless stream
of contradictions
and ironies
thus we move along
thus we sing
the mariner's song
thus we
bid you adieu
landlubber
with your
fancy pair
of shoes

***

- 5/11/2026

That dimly lit
eastern horizon
shortly before
the Sunrise
one of my favorite
things to see
soon the new day
will arrive
and I will be cast
into the abyss
of my day job
soon I will
have to go
and where I go
there will be
gnashing of teeth
where I go
there will be
diminishing enthusiasm
in my imagination
I will hear
the tolling
of a bell
it tolls for me
it is
the last bell
of a fading era
soon
something different
will await me
what it will be
I cannot say

***

- 5/12/2026

So I behold
the radiance
of a vision
that is absolute
in its ethereal
mystical
wondrous
splendid
form and nature
so I behold
and the
hidden essence
of the world
whispered
into my ear
what it said
was just
for me
so I shall keep
quiet about it
there's no use
in blabbering
about it
in getting drunk
and blabbering
about it
at my own
discretion
I wander
about this world
that both
stings
and pleases
that is like
a dark orchid
that is like
a red rose

***

- 5/12/2026

We are passing
through
the fog
of the times
rattlesnakes
and wind chimes
bring to us
an ominous chill
we dance
the danse macabre
we build catapults
out of birch
and cedar
we'll hurl
some stones
at castle walls
they should have
listened to us
yet they never do
those within
those castle walls
always thought
themselves
beyond the reach
of catapults
they're learning
a harsh lesson now
our birch
and cedar catapults
are the best
we build them
with the skill
of the bitter
and the determined

***

- 5/12/2026

So I shall
find thee
a shadow
of the Moon
to keep
with you always
in a keepsake
locket
of the mind
it shall be
genuine
and it shall
be true
for the Moon
has always been
a place
of the solitude
we wish for

***

- 5/12/2026

Today at work
was like
a big pile
of manure
and I'm here
knowing
that tomorrow
I'll be going back
to endure
some more
I hope that
someday
I get myself free
yet I know
that for now
there's plenty more
days like manure
waiting for me

***

- 5/12/2026

I was waiting
for the doves
to return
yet I could
only see
the bats
of the twilight
such is the
progression
of a tale
full of much
absurdity
living
breathing
hoping
praying
to what
to whom
for what reason
does it matter
when all
you've found
are the bats
of the twilight

***

- 5/12/2026

The silence
of the
early morning fog
that is a silence
you will
long remember
with all of
the cacophonies
that await you
out there
in the
industrialized
world
of corporate
expansion
in a world
with little sense
of placement
in the Universe
the memory
of the silence
of the
early morning fog
will find you again

***

- 5/12/2026

A season
of light
a season
of shadow
I walk
down streets
with the shadow
I drink beer
and smoke
cigarettes
with the shadow
I wanted little
and got nothing
I asked
for nothing
and got
the shadow
I was awake
while the world
was asleep
they could
not see what
I could see
they were in
the season
of light
while I was
in the season
of the shadow

***

- 5/12/2026

The stars
in the sky
they've never
told me a lie
they are
what they are
they represent
what they
represent
and the Moon
is under
the horizon now
the Moon
never told me
a lie
the Moon
often sends
me dreams
of its
beautiful solitude
in valleys
and canyons
of ancient Moon dust
upon the surface
of the Moon
there are
some traces
of humanity
these traces
amidst a serene
solitude
and beyond
the stars
are out there
the stars
never told me
a lie

***

- 5/13/2026

The mind
can crack
like an eggshell
sometimes
just as
many things
can and do
I'm now attempting
to wake
myself up
with coffee
there are things
out there
in the world
I must attend to
were it not so
yet it is
my own mind
has cracked
like an eggshell
many times
the world
is full
of storm winds
that take
many forms
with age
this eggshell
of a mind
has weakened
the storm winds
often
throw me about
I sometimes
sing into
the storm winds
the melody
is cast about
sent flying
in all directions
towards the cities
towards the mountains
towards the forest
and in
the direction
of the sea *** - 5/13/2026

The day
is over
let it be
the night
has fallen
not much
to see
dark forest
dark streets
falling asleep
waking up
we go
through it all
again
over and over
the cycle
continues
until it ends

***

- 5/13/2026

Here at five
in the morning
feeling
half-asleep
half-alive
half in the sky
half out to sea
no longer
looking for
lost dreams
looking instead
for ones
I can keep
for awhile
like a tide
I get brought in
then pulled
back out
through a window
in a house
of cards
I'm simply
trying
to get where
I need to go
if I need
to go anywhere
I'm not
so certain
of a lot
of things
here at five
in the morning

***

- 5/14/2026

They are still
building
golden idols here
what can
I say about it
it's a time
when madness
is simply
in the wind
we're not doing
enough
soul-searching here
what have
we got for all
our troubles now
perhaps
they want us
to worship
a golden idol
perhaps
they will print
more money
for us
from their
printing machines
I wait
for no man
the bell
never tolls
for me
sometimes
there's nothing
but the laughter
sometimes
there's nothing
but the tears
sometimes
the Christmas lights
are still there
in the middle
of summer

***

- 5/14/2026

No more
shall I behold
that isle
in the blue sea
of night
the isles
where I journey to
these days
are more
asphalt and stone
than sand
and soil
and I have not
seen a blue sea
of night
in many years
the memory
of it is faded
yet not gone
completely
yet it is gone
and the isles
of asphalt
are still here
I go to
them often
while conducting
business
sometimes
I look upon
the ocean
to see if
it's a glowing blue
like I saw
at night
a long time ago
it never is
though I know
I'll continue looking

***

- 5/14/2026

Seek and find
find and follow
follow and
be free
for thee
for thine
for thou
what a strange
hour it is
for thou
for thine
for thee
seek and find
the tree
of wisdom
the light
of vision
the wine
that takes
memory away

***

- 5/14/2026

In both
lost gardens
and gardens found
we'll feel
the essence
of memory
flow through us
the Sun will be
as a golden radio
we shall awaken
to the prospect
of eternity
in good time
our thoughts
shall drift away
to the stars
they'll be waiting
for us up there
upon worlds
where its always
dawn

***

- 5/14/2026